

Hand In the Wall

When I was 8 years old, I had a friend named Dennis. He lived not too far from me in a tall, orange house. You could tell by looking at his home that it was old. The siding had started to become feeble and worn in some areas. The windows were always dark, no matter what time of day it was. It had this ominous presence about it. Whenever I went over to play or spend the night, I always had this feeling that someone was watching me. The air was always thick with an invisible presence. I couldn't see how someone could live with that sensation, but Dennis seemed to have gotten used to it.

It was a Saturday night. We were eating dinner at his table after a long day of playing outside. His parents were in the living room watching television. They didn't want to intrude on our visit, they had told us. So we sat there together. Neither of us had spoken since we sat down. We were both exhausted, so eating was a higher priority than conversation at the moment. After a few minutes, he broke the silence. "Did you want to stay the night tonight?"

No. That was the first thing that jumped into my mind, but I didn't say it. Whenever I stayed overnight, I always had trouble sleeping. I didn't like being here for too long, even if he was my best friend. "Please?" he asked. His eyes had fear hidden in them, and I noticed it.

"I don't know. I think I have things to do tomorrow," I lied.

"Please?" The fear was still there. "I need someone else to be in my room with me. There's something that I need you to help me with."

"What is it?"

He seemed to be hesitant to tell me. A slight frown appeared on his face. "I'll tell you if you'll promise you'll stay. Will you?"

I didn't want to. Not one bit. But, I could tell by the way he was looking at me that he needed me. I nodded my head. He didn't smile afterward. The frown and fear still stayed plastered on his pale face.

He set up a small area on the floor for me to sleep. He peeked outside to see if his parents were out of earshot, and they were. After that, he closed the door and looked at me.

"A hand," he said. "There is a hand that comes out of the wall at night. It pulls off my blankets and try to grab my legs. I don't know what time it comes, but it always does...for about a week now. I need you here to see for yourself. I want to make sure I'm not just dreaming or something."

I was freaked out, but I understood why he wanted me there. I didn't say anything. I only nodded my head. "Just stay up with me and wait," he said. So he got into his bed, and I got onto the floor, and we both lay there waiting. I kept my eyes fixed on the wall above his night light, and I was sure he was doing the same thing. The invisible eyes seemed to be watching me furiously now. I felt like I wasn't welcome. I was scolding myself in my mind for staying.

After about two hours (it felt like many more) I saw something dark start creeping out of the wall. It was a long, rotten arm with long fingers that had blackened nails. It only came out of the wall up to the elbow, and it grabbed a hold of the blanket on Dennis's bed. The blanket slowly rolled down his body and off the bed. He whimpered when the blanket landed on the floor. Then, the hand started caressing his bare ankle as if trying to seduce him. Dennis pulled it away from the hand and started to cry. At this point I was terrified. I could feel my heart beating rapidly in my temples. My palms were slimy with sweat. But even through my fear, I stood up, grabbed my pillow (it was the closest thing to me), and started hitting the arm with it. It quickly drew back into the wall as if the wall was just a puddle of water. Dennis stopped crying. His mouth was wide open and he was staring at me. "What..." was all that came out of his mouth. I saw his eyes quickly bolt

back to the wall, and a small shriek escaped from him. I turned, and now there was a rotten face sticking out, watching me with whitened eyes. Its mouth was curled into a hideous smile, showing off its black teeth. The pillow fell out of my hand and I stumbled backward. A rotten leg started to appear. It was coming out of the wall.

Suddenly, Dennis jumped up and stabbed it in the eye with a pencil he kept on his night stand. The monster fell backward into the wall with a shriek. Tiny droplets of blood had spilled onto the floor, staining the wood. We looked at each other, both terrified. We sat in the corner the rest of the night, never taking our eyes off the wall.

That was the last time I had ever step foot in that house. He told his parents about everything that happened the next day. His parents were really understanding and believed the story. They left not long after to live with Dennis's grandparents about a hundred miles away. They bought a new house while they were there.

The house is still there. It's been empty ever since. But sometimes I'll drive by and look at the tall, decayed orange building. The feeling of being watched always crawls inside of me, even when I'm in my car at a safe distance. And sometimes, when looking at the dark windows, I can see one white speck in the darkness, watching me.